



The Student's Pen

May 1930



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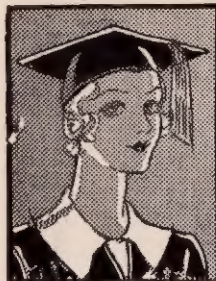
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To the Graduates of June, 1930



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THE STUDENT'S PEN

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The Bells of Peace

"Lilies are here, tall in the garden-bed,
And on the moor are still the buds of May;
Roses are here—and, tolling for our dead,
The bells of Peace make summer holiday.

Listening? They, who in their Springtime went?
The young, the brave dead, leaving all behind,
All of their home, love, laughter, and content,
The village sweetness and the Western wind.

Here in the sunlight and the bracken green—
Wild happy roses starring every lane—
Eager to reach the good that might have been,
They *were* at peace. Are they at peace again?

Bells of remembrance, on this summer eve
Of our relief, Peace and Goodwill ring in!
Ring out the Past, and let not Hate bereave
Our dreaming dead of all they died to win!"

John Galsworthy

EDITORIALS



Lest We Forget

MEMORIAL DAY—a name that is magic—conjuring up, in the mind, pictures of—perhaps—a parade—soldiers marching, proud heads held high, flags flying, crowds cheering lustily for our brave warriors; or perhaps, a long row of white crosses—fragrance of fresh flowers, a mother's head bent low—he was her son—only a boy—so very like a straight, slender, young tree—one of God's best. He had stood with other boys, years before, repeating—"I pledge allegiance to my flag—" He had been called upon to fulfill that promise, and how willingly, how nobly, he had done it!

Flanders Fields—poppies "row on row." "Lest We Forget"—Forget? Who in all America does not pause on this day to give due homage to those boys who died for us? What mother does not teach her son the lesson of Memorial Day?

Memorial Day is the day on which to rejoice in the lesson those boys taught the world—not to sorrow over our loss—however great. Lest we forget? America will *never* forget!

Marie Hill '30

Our Future

WITHOUT education there can be no progress; with an inadequate education progress becomes limited in its scope. Stress should be laid on mental rather than material development. While in this country the latter type of expansion has been positive, our code of ethics seems to have taken a rather dubious trend. The satisfying of one desire leads to the pursuit of another, and an attitude of general pleasure seeking holds sway. Refinement and culture mean nothing; money and power everything.

If we were dealing with a foreign country we would probably attribute such conditions to the fact that the people's minds were not receptive. Here a state of dormant mentality prevails. We consider a high school and college training all that is necessary to assure future success. We look forward to high positions and picture ourselves returning home someday in a three thousand dollar car, surprising the folks who doubted our ability. But we awake to find our plans thwarted;—by whom? by the type of American who should be more respected.

Perhaps we knew him in our early life. He did not have all the advantages we had, due, perhaps, to poverty. His education was not handed to him on a silver platter. Because he created his own opportunities, and even more important, because he had the will power to train and educate himself, he now holds the position in which we had so often pictured ourselves. And because his education was hard earned and well balanced, he, in spite of his achievements, retained the common touch.

All too late we realize that the successful person is the one who possesses the will power to train himself. We would desire to start once again our education, with the knowledge that if we are to be successful, we must have an education which stresses intellectual and moral development rather than our amusement and self-satisfaction.

It rests with us, the students of today, so to shape our ideals that our nation may regain its former high standards, and that our hasty progress may not lead us to material heights which will plunge the masses of people into a state of unpardonable ignorance.

George Kenyon

A Most Successful Conference

DURING the past month the high schools of Berkshire County were fortunate enough to secure the services of a large number of college and university representatives for a Parent-Pupil-Teacher-College Conference. Registrars and professors from many institutions, far and near, came and spent two days in making the convention a success. They offered valuable information concerning courses of study, tuition fees, scholarships, and other matters of serious nature with which the college entrance aspirant is confronted.

At Pittsfield High School many grasped the extraordinary opportunity. Mr. Strout had previously informed the student body about the conference, so that every one might prepare his queries and perplexities concerning college entrance requirements. The representatives accomplished much in aiding students who are preparing for matriculation at special schools and colleges, and were most patient and courteous, no matter how inquisitive the questioners might be. As a result of the conference, several students have determined whether they will go to college or not; others are planning to pursue different studies in preparation for college board exams; and still others have selected the institution which they hope to enter.

It is most evident that the conference has proved a tremendous success, but this is not all. The individuals who have returned to their positions on well-known campuses have carried back an impression of the different schools visited. At Pittsfield High, many representatives spoke of the good work now being done in college by P. H. S. graduates, and of the earnestness and sincerity of the present student body, the members of which availed themselves in such large numbers of the opportunity afforded by the conference.

It is to be hoped that a similar gathering can be arranged for next year, as this year's meeting has demonstrated beyond doubt how valuable such a conference can be.

E. Michelson '33

Baseball

NOW that the baseball season has once again arrived, let us all give our heartiest support to our team by attending all the games and cheering for our school. For many years our teams have gone onto the diamond with the assurance that their fellow students were back of them. We must show our team that we are very confident that they will surpass the feats of the preceding teams. We are depending on them to win the county championship once again, so that Pittsfield High may unfurl its banner in the breeze with the inscription on it:

Baseball Championship
Berkshire County
Awarded
—to the—
Pittsfield High School
—1930—

Elihu Klein '33

Looking Forward

AS we remind ourselves that June will soon be here, we realize that another class will be leaving Pittsfield High School. After a three years' grind preparing themselves for entrance into the business world or into nationally known universities and colleges, some one hundred and fifty will depart leaving a vacant place, which will soon be filled by a large Senior B Class.

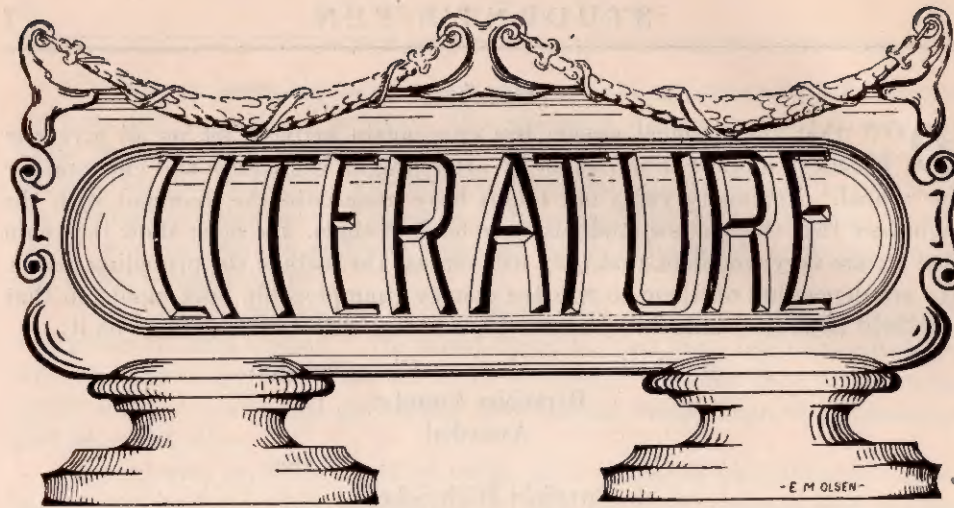
While Juniors may envy these graduates, the Sophomore A looks forward to his own future. No longer will he be compelled to spend hot summer afternoons in stuffy classrooms nor will he be fortunate enough to cuddle up under warm covers at seven o'clock on bitterly cold winter mornings.

But he will begin to enjoy all kinds of class activities. His classmates will be the admired school "celebrities" who have won distinction on the diamond, gridiron, cinder path, basketball court, and for special platform work in oratorical circles. Such things of minor importance as the opportunities to be present at assemblies where lecturers make most helpful addresses, affording the unprepared, chances to evade the "dark moments of life," the future juniors and seniors will find valuable.

Last but not least, the Soph A will be compelled to face many different and more difficult studies including advancement in the languages and sciences.

Best of all, after two years of such school activities, the present Sophomore A's will graduate from the new home of P. H. S., which will be one of the best and most modernly-equipped schools in Massachusetts.

E. Michelson



An Exciting Prom

PAT PAGE did look cute—even if she said so herself.

"Oh! Grace, dear," exclaimed Pat "please come and help me with my make-up! you know I never could get it on straight."

"I'm coming, honey," hurriedly called her roommate Grace Smith. "Oh, Pat, you look sweet enough to be kissed. I'm sure you will be the belle of the ball," she said as she saw Pat sitting before her mirror.

"Stop your nonsense, Grace, and help me, for Leslie will be here in a minute," demanded Pat.

When Pat was ready, the two girls gazed admiringly at the slim form outlined in the mirror. Pat was dressed in a beautiful blue georgette evening gown relieved only by a soft silver artificial rose which lay on her shoulder, and a small dainty silver locket and chain. Her silver chiffon stockings with silver slippers completed the pleasing picture since nothing more was needed to set out Pat's beautiful yellow curls which she wore in delightful ringlets about her head, and happiness shone from her light blue eyes which fairly seemed to laugh. The gown had cost Pat's mother fifty-five dollars but Pat declared it was worth it for she so did wish to please Leslie James.

Pat was excited. It was her first formal dance—the Junior Prom, while Leslie James, the president of the Senior class and the most popular student in the college, was taking her. It was just what Pat had prayed for. Many times since Leslie had asked her, she felt she was dreaming and would soon wake up.

After fixing her dress, powdering her nose, gazing at herself again and again she finally realized that Leslie should have called long before. She hurriedly looked at her watch and to her surprise Pat saw the hands pointed to 8.30. Leslie had promised to call for her at 8.00. For the first time in her life Pat was angry, surprised, disappointed and worried all at once. What could have happened to Leslie? Where was he? Did he forget he was taking her? All these and more questions were going through her head.

Just then Grace appeared again. "Why, Pat," exclaimed Grace, who had come to get her wrap, for her friend, Fred Graves, who was taking her, had ar-

rived, "I thought you had gone long ago. All the rest of the girls have left. I thought I was the last one out. If you say the word, I'll stay till he comes, for I do so hate to leave you alone."

"No, Grace," replied Pat, "thanks ever so much for offering to stay, but I'm sure Leslie will be here in a minute or he would have sent a message to me."

Pat listened to the door slam behind Grace and Fred. She sighed with a regretful feeling. Oh, how she wished Leslie would come. Had she perhaps spent that fifty-five dollars foolishly? If Leslie did not come it certainly would have been foolish.

Suddenly Pat's heart jumped for she heard the door bell. Hurriedly she rushed down the winding stairs of the hall and looking in the hall mirror as she passed, she quietly opened the door. To her surprise instead of looking into the boyish face of Leslie James she gazed into that of the Junior, Dan Jordan.

"Well," questioned Pat as she stood in the doorway, "what can I do for you?"

"Oh, I think I should like to be invited in, and then I will tell you why I have called," replied Dan.

"Do come in, please, but I shall not be able to entertain you long as I am waiting for Leslie," said Pat.

"Yes, yes I know all about it and that is why I have come. Here is what I have been asked to bring you," answered Dan handing her a small letter.

Slowly she opened it and fearing to look at it she gazed timidly down, and there she read the words, "Beware today is May Day, do not plan on anything yet be prepared for everything. signed, The Juniors."

Suddenly Pat remembered that in past years on May Day, which was an event that called forth practical jokes of all descriptions, giving many anxious and worried moments to the students, especially the seniors, it had always been the custom for the juniors to try to capture the president of the Senior Class and hold him captive until after the Prom, thus making his appearance impossible, but in case the juniors failed to keep him and he should appear, the juniors would be compelled to wear brilliant yellow caps trimmed with blue and bearing the inscription, "We Failed" upon them, all during that year. Last year the senior president had not appeared and the seniors had been compelled to wear the tiny caps.

Pat knew that the juniors had succeeded in getting Leslie James. Her heart sank. Here she was stranded with no one around but the foolish junior who seemed triumphant. Pat was angry. Of course she would have been the one to have accepted the invitation. Oh, why had she been so foolish as to set such hopes on the Prom?" "Oh, well, she thought, "I may as well go to bed."

Suddenly Dan spoke much to Pat's surprise for she had forgotten his presence. "Come on, Pat. Get your wrap, as I intend to let you have the pleasure of my company."

"All right, Dan; I may as well go with you as long as Leslie would be foolish enough to let you silly juniors capture him," replied Pat as she gave her hair a pat and went upstairs for her wrap.

When the couple were comfortably seated in Dan's roadster, Dan again began his chatter. "Well, Pat, you sure will have a good time with me, you should have accepted my invitation in the first place."

"Yes, if I had thought you would succeed in capturing Leslie, I would have," exclaimed Pat.

"I'm not letting out any secrets about the junior class affairs," said Dan as the car drove up in front of the Strathmore Hall where the Prom was being held. Taking Pat by the arm, Dan was aware of the beautiful picture Pat made and secretly rejoiced in Leslie's misfortune; and as Pat stepped into the hall the dancers seemed to be aware of her presence. At first many of them thought that Leslie had escaped, for everyone knew of his capture, but the juniors seemed relieved when they saw that her escort was one of their classmates. However the seniors seemed to be having a dreadful time, all looking as gloomy as could be.

Dan saw that Pat's program was completely filled but this wasn't much trouble, for every fellow wanted to dance with Pat.

After the end of the fifth dance Pat and Dan walked out into the garden and sat upon a stone bench.

"Having a good time, Pat?" inquired Dan.

"Yes, I am having a fine time," replied Pat, "but would it be too much trouble for you to get me a glass of punch?"

"No, Pat, I'd love to get it for you; please excuse me," answered Dan as he returned to the hall.

As Pat sat quietly thinking of Leslie and wishing he were with her, she was attracted by voices coming from a bush, and hearing the name of Leslie, she listened carefully.

"How did James take it?" asked one.

"Gee, he was hopping mad; we could hardly tie him up," replied the other.

"Too bad he is missing the Prom; his girl Pat Page looks like a picture, doesn't she?" said the first. "Wouldn't it be funny if he should escape?"

"Oh, don't worry about that. He is hidden at Beard Cottage up at Edge's Lake and that is twenty-five miles away from the college, so you see even if he had escaped, he never could reach here until 3.00 A. M. anyway, and that would be too late," replied the other.

Pat's heart jumped. Before she realized what she was doing, she ran out into the yard where Dan had parked his car and jumped in, not even stopping to get her wrap as that would attract attention. How glad she was that Leslie had taught her to drive his roadster. Pat did not seem to remember that she had not obtained a license yet; her only thought was to reach the cottage and save her classmate from disgrace. Pat well knew where the cottage was for she had been there many times, but she was not so sure of the road. Nevertheless she was ready to save Leslie.

Slowly driving the car out of the city she finally reached the highway. Her dainty foot stepped upon the gas and the car increased in speed, fifty—sixty—seventy—seventy-five miles; the car seemed to be fairly flying. Before her she saw the road which led to Leslie, and which meant success for the seniors. Oh, how she hoped she would be in time. After what seemed to be an age, yet was

merely a half-hour, Pat saw Beard Cottage before her. She parked the car a short distance from the cottage as she was not sure whether Leslie was alone or not. Grabbing up the flashlight which she found under the seat she started up the path. Cautiously she crept up the stairs, and much to her surprise the door opened when she turned the knob. Flashing her light here and there, she passed through the rooms. As she was about to enter the last of the rooms she heard a faint sound.

"Leslie, Leslie, Leslie, where are you?" cried Pat. Again she heard the noise and entering the room she saw Leslie lying in a heap on the floor where the juniors had tied him. Hurriedly Pat pulled off the gag and loosened the ropes.

"Why, Pat," exclaimed Leslie, "gee, I'm sorry it had to happen this way, but how in the world did you get here?"

"Never mind questioning; we must get back to the hall so we can have a laugh on those smart juniors. Come on I'll tell you about it as we go home," answered Pat.

"Well, I declare if it isn't the same car I was brought out in," laughed Leslie. "This sure is a surprise."

"No wonder Dan knew so much about it," said Pat.

Leslie took the wheel and how he made that car spin over the highway. Pat and Leslie were so interested in each other's adventure that they hardly realized that they were in front of the hall.

"Come on, Pat, those juniors are sure going to have some surprise when we walk in," declared Leslie.

Pat and Leslie entered just as one of the dances was finished. "Hello everybody," cried Leslie as he stepped into the hall.

"Oh, look who's here," exclaimed an excited senior, as all the seniors rushed up to Leslie. Pat seemed out of the picture until Leslie declared, "There is my rescuer."

"Here she is," replied a freshman as Leslie told the dancers all about Pat and her plucky rescue.

Everyone seemed to be happy but the juniors who now seemed to think the evening spoiled as they remembered those hideous caps they must wear all year.

The orchestra began to play "Happy Days" and Pat and Leslie glided out upon the slippery floor. Pat's heart seemed to be bursting with pride. Oh, it had turned out all right after all. What a delightful time she had had, and she was the one who had rescued Leslie from the juniors. Everyone seemed to look upon her with admiration. Everyone begged for a dance, but Leslie refused to let her go saying that he had earned the rest of the dances by allowing the juniors to capture him and lock him up in that cottage. He then added that they should have known he would show up, especially when such a beautiful girl had waited for him and later had rescued him.

Phyllis Morrison '33

Commonplace Things—The Moustache

FROM the great variety of topics possible to use as material for writing an essay, one should choose some ordinary, commonplace subject, one that is constantly under his nose. Naturally, what could better fulfill these requirements than the subject, "The Moustache."

Briefly, one kind of moustache may be defined as: that slight, almost invisible growing of hair on the upper lip of a high school freshman, which, when viewed by that student, makes him feel as if he were a senior. As a note to this definition, it may be added that this growing of hair can be seen by two people only, the freshman himself and his favorite barber.

No one but that freshman can imagine the joy and satisfaction that comes to one, when, after having waited patiently for two years, he discovers the first signs of a moustache. Whether this moustache be of natural growth, or whether it was hastened on its way by father's best hair tonic, matters not, just so long as it is there.

It has been said that clothes make the man. A more logical contention would be: a moustache makes the man. What man, no matter how well dressed he may be, looks distinguished without this growth of hair, commonly called a moustache, but sometimes ignobly referred to as a "soup strainer."

About the only race ever believed to have abused and dishonored the custom of wearing a moustache is the Chinese. It has been humorously remarked that the Chinese artists raised and cut their mustaches in such a fashion that they might be used as spare paint brushes in times of necessity.

Among high school youths the most popular style is the basketball moustache—five on a side.

All through the pages of history, one of the distinguishing features of any great man has been a flowing moustache. Garibaldi has his moustache; Bismarck had his moustache; and some day I hope to have mine.

James Fraser '31

On Pie and Cheese

THERE are apple pie eaters, and then, as the fellow said, there are apple pie eaters. Some people can go on day in and day out, seven days a week, thirty days a month, 365 days a year, and 366 on leap years, and yet they never have enough initiative, moral stamina, or mental ability to inquire into some of the most vitally important phases of contemporary American pie-eating.

First and foremost, there is the question: "On which side of the pie should the cheese be placed?" Some authorities claim that to derive from it the fullest enjoyment, the Camembert should be situated on the left hand of the pie, in the same relative position as Mrs. Gann at a White House function. Another school of thought, and that which I may state was followed by the ancient Babylonians and Alexander the Great, declares for cheese to the right. With cheese to the left of him, cheese to the right of him, what are you, Mr. (or Miss) Average Consumer, to do?

Of that radical group of individualists who follow the Epicurean theory of superposition, I have neither the time nor the inclination to treat in this necessarily brief monograph. To anyone of even high school mentality, the very suggestion of placing the cheese *upon* the pie is both repugnant and essentially absurd.

Before going further into the locus of the cheese, however, let us briefly pause to consider the shape of the wedge. It is differences of opinion that make horse

racers, and it is differences of opinions that have made some of the greatest cheese controversies in history. Indeed, if the truth were told about the cause of the Boer War—but that is another story.

There are, it is true, and I do not conceal the fact from you, those who are supporters of the triangular cut of cheese, but to the mind of one who, since a tender age, has devoted a great part of his waking hours to thoughts of cheese, the square-shaped wedge seems both most practicable and most nourishing. I contend that the true succulence of the fromage is fully realized only when it is consumed in square shape, and when it has been placed to the right of the pie. I may be old-fashioned; I may be reactionary. There are those who will doubt my motives, but those are my sentiments and I will stick to them. Exponents of French cuisine may advocate the new-fangled notion of the triangular wedge, but I am confident that New England will sturdily stand behind the square cut to the last mouthful.

It has been said, and rightly so, that a question which has such a strangle hold on the palate of a great and prosperous nation can be solved only by federal intervention. Now that President Hoover is conducting our government on a commission basis (*vide* Commission on Law Enforcement, Nicaraguan Commission, and Haitian Commission) I would suggest that a Cheese Commission be appointed without delay to probe this matter to its very depths.

Although the big Limburger interests may attempt to block the investigation by underhanded lobbyist methods, the commission should continue undaunted in its work, and at last determine the rightful place of cheese in juxtaposition to apple pie in American life. Until then, I, for one, shall not be able to look a slab of cheese squarely in the face as it reclines luxuriously beside its companion slice of pie, and I know that the reader shares my perplexity and embarrassment.

Robert G. Newman, P. G.

Dieting To Reduce

AT least one-third of the people we meet today are trying to get thinner. Stout people the world over resolve to do without fattening foods in order that they may have the slim, youthful figures so in the vogue. Then, alas, comes the pain. Starches must be sacrificed. Fats must be sacrificed. Worst of all, sweets, too, must be sacrificed. For some unknown reason, stout people are very fond of sweets. All these foods, nevertheless, must go. The daily menu consists principally of grapefruit, lettuce, and tea.

From the day the diet begins, the tastes of the person dieting undergo a change. It seems that merely because he must not eat certain foods, he acquires an inordinate craving for them. Foods that formerly were decidedly ill to the taste now take on a most delicious appearance. Foods that disagree with the digestion have the most alluring appeal. The stricken one is envious of everyone in the world who has the good fortune to be able to eat what he himself likes. Besides, the menu of a diet is so similar from day to day!

At last comes the end of the diet. Then the afflicted one gives vent to his desires, and eats all the things he has had to do without. Now he can eat starches—and he does. Now he can eat fats—and he consumes them. Now he can eat

sweets!—and he devours them. For the first time in weeks, his stomach is satisfied. His mind is in the same condition. Gradually he regains his faith in human nature, which recently has been on the wane. All is well.

The novelty of forbidden fruit soon subsides, however; but not before it has wrought havoc. It may be noticed that the scales tip at practically the same point as before the diet. A feeling of despair comes over one at the thought of the painful sacrifices, which have had no lasting worth. Must one begin all over again? Or is the moral, "Be moderate in everything, especially in eating?"

R. B. M. '30

In The Chair

THEY are strange thoughts, those that race through my mind as I sit here in the chintz-covered chair in the dentist's office, trying my best to appear calm and collected, though inwardly my heart is beating madly. Funny it never used to act that way. There must be something radically wrong with it. I will see a doctor immediately. No—not quite immediately. There is this other—this (I shudder at the very thought) tooth-pulling ordeal to be gone through first. Even now I can plainly hear the implements for the excavation, as he juggles them about, probably trying to decide which of them will be the most effective.

Oh, why did the fates ever decree that I should be forced to undergo this? Surely I haven't done anything so very bad. Then I fall to thinking of my past mis-deeds wondering if a criminal about to be executed ever feels the way I do just now.

But why should I get so hot and bothered? Didn't the dentist say that it wouldn't hurt? Not in the least; he was going to fix everything. He was exceedingly cheerful about it all. Dentists are the most cheerful people in the world. But then, it wasn't his tooth that was going to be pulled.

I glance out the window and see the bustling thoroughfare below, people hurrying hither and thither, each one wrapped up in his own affairs. Little do they know of the deed which is soon to be enacted.

Suddenly, it occurs to me that perhaps I ought not to have it done today, after all. There are so many other things that really should be done. There's that errand that should have been done yesterday, and that book that was due at the library, and that visit to my sick aunt, and—but it's too late now. Here comes the white-clad assistant to tell me that all is ready. She gives me a pitying smile as I climb into the chair. The cheerful dentist smiles too, but in a different way. I really believe he loves his profession; and since my tooth is giving him a chance to exercise his skill, I suppose it's only natural for him to be so happy.

I watch the preparations closely, for if I should come out of this alive, I would have something to tell all my friends.

Although I nearly fall out of the chair at the first jab of a needle in my gum, I am surprised to find that subsequent jabs are felt less and less. Someone once said that a person gets used to hanging if he hangs long enough, or is it "the first hundred years are the hardest." It doesn't matter. Soon I shall feel no more.

All at once, I am aroused from my reverie by a tugging at my lower jaw. I glance at the dentist. The determined look on his face proclaims the fact that he is "out to get his tooth," or my tooth. Which is it? Another pull, and another, a series of hard ones,—and—and—it's out! Gleelessly the dentist holds it out for my inspection, a look of triumph spread over his countenance. It is my tooth and what's more, I'm still alive!

Rita Fahey '31

Why Do Tree Branches Point Up?

"I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.
A tree that looks to God all day,
And lifts its leafy arms to pray."

THESE lines by Joyce Kilmer give rise to the debatable question, "Why do tree branches point up?" Foresters will tell us that the limbs reach upward towards the sun, spreading to admit the light, to allow the air to circulate freely, and to stimulate fully the capillary flow of the necessary fluids manufactured in the little factories called leaves. This reply is absolutely correct. The various organs of the tree could not function properly if conditions were not as they are. But does this material explanation satisfy? Does it leave with the hearer the same feeling, the same sudden realization of the greatness of the Heavenly Father that Kilmer's explanation leaves?

His lines give a wonderfully simple and natural answer to the question. It is a pleasant thought, that of a tree spending its lifetime in a gentle, murmuring prayer to the Great Creator, a prayer emphasized by every sighing wind or careless breeze, by each rude storm which, passing, leaves the sturdy limbs, tempest tossed, still pointing upward, and by myriads of happy songsters who, nesting in the protecting foliage, send their sweet chorus to the heavens above in a melodious sweep of sound. In sunshine or storm, by day or night, in summer or winter, spring or fall, the "leafy arms" are eternally lifted, rendering praise.

These two answers to the problem are both fine. Each contains a beautiful thought, but one is material; the other, ethereal. One is printed in science textbooks; the other is written indelibly in many poems, small and great. One satisfies the intellect; the other, the soul. One is taught in the classroom. The other we learn to value more highly later in this journey called life.

Each explanation is absolutely necessary. Food is needed for both mind and soul, and food for both is found in the answer to our question. Without the spirit, of what use are the workings of the mind? Without the thought behind, of what use the spirit? Without Kilmer's beautiful idea of the Being behind our being, of what good the wonderful story of the life He gave? Our little question is answered. The thoughts which have risen from it have defied ages of wise and brilliant men.

Pauline Goodell '31

Those Who Weave

IN the early sunshine of May a man sits weaving at his loom. His voice breaks forth in a song of joy while his fingers speed back and forth through the threads, weaving a pattern of exquisite beauty. In and out, back and forth; and as his fingers work, the pattern grows. But alas! what is this dark thread which seems to intrude among these many brilliant and beautiful colors? Here and there it appears, always seeming to be inharmonious with the pattern.

As the seasons progress, the man still weaves, with a song upon his lips—but not the jolly one of May, however, for a note of sadness seems to have crept in. The weave is still beautiful but for the dark threads interwoven more frequently in the pattern.

So the summertime passes, and autumn draws on. Again we find the weaver at his work. Now, however, there is a more settled look upon his countenance, and the moments of song are few. His hand, engaged with the shuttle, never ceases its work. He continues, while we exclaim over the work he seems to have done so well. Yet our praise is halfhearted, for we notice that the dark threads are increasing in number and are scattered throughout the pattern, thus decreasing the beauty of the design. Once the weaver, about to draw a dark thread similar to the others into his material, attempts to check the movement—but in vain, for habit is too strong for him.

And now winter approaches; the Weaver works more slowly. The shuttle no longer flies, but goes through slowly with a tired weary motion, until it seems that our friend must cease and call his work finished. But the weaver seems reluctant to cut the thread which completes the weave, for he still labors on until sleep overtakes him, and his fingers fall from the loom. Someone else now cuts the thread once so precious to the weaver, while he lies in the deep slumber from which there is no awakening. Now that the pattern is completed, we gaze upon it. Some of the parts are so truly beautiful and so skillfully interwoven that we cannot help but admire; but the other parts where the dark thread appears—are so repugnant that we turn away our eyes to escape such ugliness.

As the worker weaves the pattern of his cloth, so do we weave the pattern of our lives, building our characters by the material we put into them. The brilliant, beautiful colors—so pleasing to look upon, are those deeds of honor, truth, courage and beauty which are interwoven in our life. Do you ask what are the dark threads? They are all the mean, petty things we have done,—lies, dishonor, cowardice, lack of faith in our fellow men. Just as the dark threads detract from the beauty of the weave, so do unworthy actions spoil the pattern of our lives, taking away some of the beauty we have put into them.

In youth we are on the threshold of life. Let us strive to make the pattern of our lives truly beautiful by building a firm and wise character. May there be no black threads in the weave that we have not beautified by good work before the thread of our lives is cut forever, and may the Greatest Weaver of all exclaim, when He sees the completed pattern "Well done, my good and faithful servant."

Ellen Frey '31

The Contented Heart

IS anyone really contented at heart while he is young? I think not, for, in youth, there is always an endless striving and yearning for greater and better things. Of course, I don't mean to suggest that people advanced in age are wholly without ambitions; but, somehow they have lost the fire and hope of youth, and have either fulfilled their desires and aims or have reached a state where they are utterly content to watch the success of others. When one has youth and strength, one is continually restless and impatient to gain fame and to succeed in his ambitions. So, one goes on through youth—sometimes exuberantly happy, often disappointed, but seldom actually contented at heart.

However, I believe that there is such a thing as a contented heart. I once read a book whose leading character was a woman—a very human, real, and interesting woman. This woman was not contented when she was young; she was continually longing to have an opportunity to be a singer. When opportunities finally came to her, she was married, the mother of three or four young children, and unable to accept them. She and her young husband worked with all the fervor, strength, and eagerness of their youth in building a home and raising crops. Later her husband died and somehow she was very wealthy. Her children, too, were wealthy and successful—one a singer, one a college professor, one a government authority—and so forth down the list. Then, at eighty, this little woman was contented—at least in so far as human beings can be contented. Her family had prospered; and, when, at last, she went to her final rest, it was very peacefully—with a smile on her lips and—"With a Lantern in Her Hand."

Josephine Enright '31

"Our Phone"

"YES, indeed," said Aunt Sarah, "those were the days when a telephone was worth while. Then people weren't so pernickity about your picking up the receiver when they were talking, and if they were—well, it didn't do them any good anyway."

"Why, I can remember," the old lady went on, "when we had our first phone installed. It was the first in our own neighborhood, and my but weren't the folks around some excited! Ma thought she'd invite just a few of them in to see the new telephone being put in, seeing as how none right around there, except the Bascoms and Corleys had a phone. We all looked forward to that just like the Methodist Church fair, or Dell Johnson's wedding, or anything real important like that."

"Pa wanted us all to look like the children of a man who could afford one of the first 'modern inventions of the age,' so Ma was real careful to have us all dressed up right smart. Us girls had new ribbons and sashes besides last year's best dresses all freshened up, because Ma didn't think we should seem to put on airs, which people might have thought if we'd worn our very best. Little Jackie wore his funeral suit because he had outgrown his church suit, so he looked real nice. Ed sure looked fine in his new long trousers and checkered vest. Yes I guess Pa was right proud of his family that day."

"The neighbors came in about eleven o'clock and sat around talking about how fine the crops had been, how handy it would be to be able to use the phone instead of to drive around in the buggy, and how lucky Ma was that Pa was willing to get her one, till Pa was so swelled up that Joe Dunn, the fellow next door, whispered to me that when we built our house, we'd have a telephone first thing, and you just bet he wouldn't act like that.

"Well, about noon the men finished putting up the wires and adjusting the phone; finally they said it was ready for use. Pa stepped up important like, and said he guessed he'd 'just give Bill Bascom a ring.' But he didn't feel so cock sure when the man told him that he was talking into the wrong thing, that was the earpiece; also that if he expected to make anyone hear he'd have to talk louder than a whisper. But he did it alright finally, and then wasn't Ma pleased to talk to Mrs. Bascom! She told Ma she'd call her up real early to give her that recipe for tarts she'd promised her. I thought Ma would never stop talking about what a great benefit the phone would be, and that she couldn't understand how we'd got along without it so long.

"Well, next morning what a start we got when we saw Mrs. Bascom coming up the walk. She said that she had brought the tart recipe instead of calling about it, because it was the one that Mrs. White had wanted to get hold of so she could win the prize for tarts at the fair. When she explained that Mrs. White listened to almost everything that was said on the phone, Ma was scandalized. I couldn't understand why she should be especially when she had listened to all the calls on our line the night before.

"The telephone certainly was better than a newspaper for gathering gossip. If anything happened at one end of the town someone would call Ma up for her to tell the folks at our end; besides, people were always coming in saying they wanted to let Mrs. Brant know about Johnnie's stealing the chicken, or the minister's sacriligious sermon, or something like that.

"Yes, the telephone was surely of more benefit then than it is now. How can you learn anything on a four-party line when people only use it once or twice a day, and then only talk about the weather?"

Carolyn Stafford '30

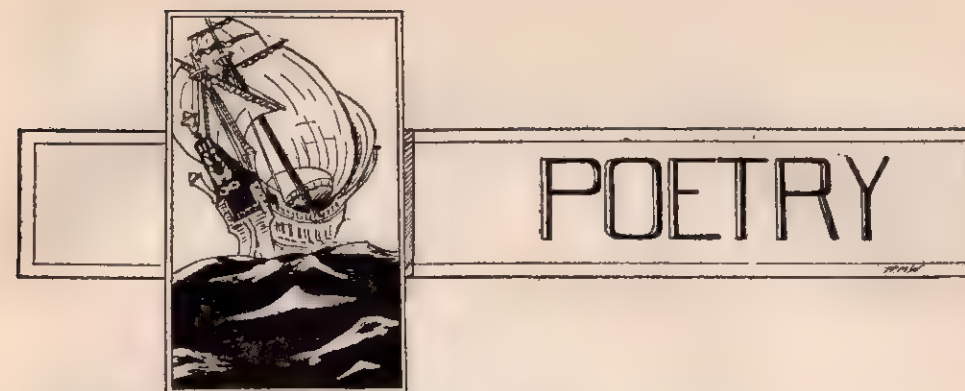
To A Nurse

O, heart, are you great enough
For a love that must always be
Kind, tender, true and comforting,
Caring unselfishly?

O, hands, are you great enough
For the work that you must do?
For you must soothe a throbbing brow
Make aching muscles new.

O, soul, are you great enough
To follow the path of duty?
Finding in every trying task
The soul of beauty!

Marie R. Hill '30



Spring Fever

Mad young Spring seeks thru the streets
For those that are her own,
And I tremble at her coming
For I know that I am one.

Every year she finds me out
And takes me by the hand;
She laughs and says, "Be mad like me!"
I obey that wild command.

Spring, the shining emerald
Of your first tiny leaf
Burns in my eyes and lures me on;
Oh, let me seek relief!

Spring, change to snow your tender grass—
To silver, change your gold,—
Change your green for icicles—
Change your warmth to cold!

In winter I am sensible
Not wild and mad and gay;
With conscience free, I do my work
And never think of play.

But I'm a vagabond in spring
I cannot help myself;
Dream I must, or be wild all day
Like any foolish elf.

Oh Spring, I cannot yield this year;
I've other things to do.
See the tasks before me spread—
I cannot play with you.

Don't call me, Spring,—I will not hear,—
 Don't come—I shall not look;—
 But if you come, I warn you, Spring,
 You'll find me in a book.

Spring hangs her colors from every bush;
 How can I help but see?
 Spring calls and each caressing wind
 Carries her voice to me.

Spring cannot change to winter
 She won't go away;—and then—
 She's made a fool of me before
 And knows she can again.

So I must be wild and gay again
 Neglecting everything;
 And my wilful feet must follow
 The steps of mad young Spring.

Ruth Hopkins '32

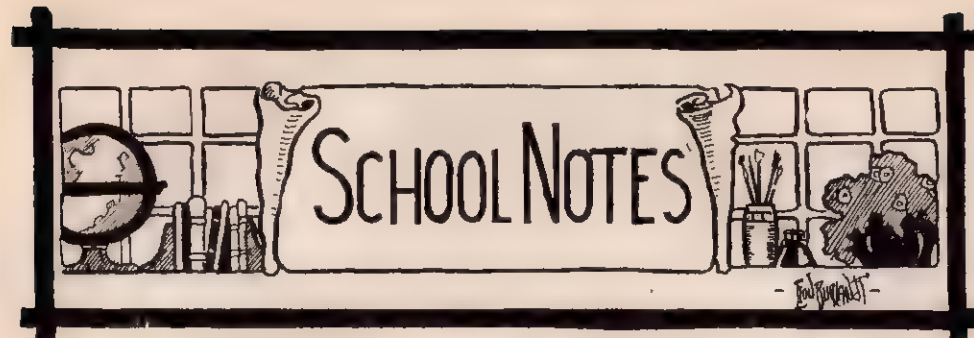
Gold Star Mothers

Theirs is not a trip of pleasure
 To that far-distant foreign shore;
 They'll find no manhood waiting
 To lead them the battlefield o'er.

Not to dim-lighted cathedrals,
 Nor to galleries with treasures rare,
 Will they turn their tired footsteps;
 Their journey is marked with care.

They go to a quiet graveyard
 With thousands of crosses white,
 Where gallant sons lie sleeping—
 So still—after warfare's strife.

Eleanor Behan '30



To Mr. Allen



ON Saturday, April 26, Mr. Charles Allen of the Science Department bade farewell to his associates and friends in Pittsfield to take up new work with the Acker Printing Company of Springfield. He left behind him a gap which will be hard to fill, for his interests were wide and varied, and his work in the many organizations with which he was connected gave him such a place in the community as a less powerful and pleasing personality would have found difficult to attain.

Before he left he was given a farewell party at the Y. M. C. A. where his friends gathered to say goodbye. The Torch Hi-Y club, guided by him from its beginning, wishing to repay him in some measure, and to honor him for his service to it, presented him with a Hi-Y pin set with pearls.

The president of the Y. M. C. A., Mr. Cooper, for the Torch Hi-Y, the Debating club, and Charlie's Comrades class at the First Baptist Church; for the Boys' Work committee, the Senior Hi-Y, the Phalanx Fraternity, the faculty of Pittsfield High School, and Mr. Allen's associates at Camp Sumner, expressed the sentiment of all Charlie's friends, regret at losing him but good wishes for future success, and presented him with seven gold pieces, one for each letter in "Charlie".

In reply Mr. Allen thanked all for their kindness and expressed regret at having to break away from such a circle of good friends.

Many clubs will miss his guidance and fellowship; many boys at camp, after next summer, will miss his colorful tales told round the glowing embers of a dying fire; all who were associated with him at the high school and in the Y. M. C. A. will feel his absence keenly, and all wish him the utmost success in his new work.

V. Wagner '30

Mr. Lynch a graduate of Clark University, Worcester, Mass. has taken the position of Mr. Charles Allen who recently went to Springfield, Mass. to engage in the printing business. Mr. Lynch formerly taught at Searles High School in Great Barrington.

Scholarship Honors

At an assembly held May 9th the 1930 scholarship honors were announced by Mr. Strout. He remarked upon the high record of the graduating class. It is the second largest class in the history of the school and has the highest scholastic standing.

The following awards were made: first honor, Rita Belle Mirmow; second honor, Marion Cleveland Phinney; Pro Merito honors: William Howard Briggs, Howard Martin Broderick, King Morey Chittenden, Theodore Frederic Cooke, Jr., Jonathan Seiferth England, Bernice Marie Goodrich, William Henderson, Gertrude Marion Herman, William Douglas Holden, Marion C. Hopper, George Albert Kenyon, Edwin Thomas Kinsella, Bessie Beatrice Klein, Rose Lightman, Margaret Mary McCormick, Florence Hannah McDonall, Amelia Agnes Mahavski, Charles Mattison, Harry John Mellon, Myron Lawrence Michelman, Rita Belle Mirmow, Phyllis Cathryn Newmarker, Marion Cleveland Phinney, Catherine Marion Packer, Russell J. Patterson, Dorothy May Reed, Gertrude Emma Richmond, Katherine Mina Schlatterer, Velma Severance, Verona Grace Shaw, Marvin Eugene Silvernail, Hilda Doris Simkin, Evelyn Townsend Sloper, Edith Janette Smith, Carolyn Osborne Stafford, Dorothy Lillian Stefenuck, Mary Catherine Tagliaferro, Cortland Frederick Tower, Anna Eugena Tunks, Betty M. Wade, Victor Hermann Wagner.

Anne Butler '30

College-Parent-Pupil-Teacher Conference

The fifth annual College-School Conference, held in the Pittsfield High School auditorium on Monday evening, May 12th, was widely attended by students and their parents. This meeting and a similar one at North Adams were arranged by the Berkshire High School Principals' Association. Twenty-six colleges sent representatives directly from the college. These representatives were introduced individually by Mr. Strout, and then were directed to rooms assigned for each college conference. Here, in these conference-groups, the representatives explained briefly the type of work offered, and answered all questions relative to their particular colleges.

This meeting provided an opportunity for pupils, parents, and teachers, to get in touch with college officials without expense of time and money involved in a trip to the college.

The response from the colleges was generous, and that from the homes was equally good.

On Wednesday morning, an assembly was held in the auditorium, at which the representatives of Antioch College, Bliss Electrical College, Lehigh University, Middlebury College, and Tufts College, detailed briefly the courses in their respective colleges. After the assembly, the representatives again met the pupils in order to answer any further questions.

Wednesday, May 14th was the fourth and final day of the conference. The representatives were assigned for final speeches throughout the county, and in this way, all the high school pupils throughout Berkshire benefited from the College conference.

M. McClaren '30

The Senior Play

On Thursday and Friday evenings, May 8th and 9th, the Senior A class presented its play, "Clarence," by Booth Tarkington, at the Boys' Club Auditorium. Miss Frances Wainwright was the coach, while Wilson Dunham served as technical director. Much credit is due both Miss Wainwright and Mr. Dunham for their able direction of the play and the way in which the actors portrayed their parts.

Victor Wagner, as Clarence, and Rita Belle Mirmow, as Violet Pinney, the governess, were the leading characters. Both gave very clever characterizations of their parts. Dorothy Reed, as fifteen-year-old Cora Wheeler, kept the audience in laughter throughout the play with her excellent portrayal of a modern wayward child. The parts of Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler were well taken by Sherman Hicks and Hilda Simpkin. King Chittenden, as Bobby Wheeler, very ably carried out the part of a young man more concerned with social problems than with his schoolwork. The part of Hubert Stem, the grass-widower, was cleverly played by Myron Michelman, while Evelyn Sloper took the role of Mrs. Martyn, Mr. Wheeler's secretary. Doris Bentley and William Holden portrayed the parts of Della, the maid, and Dinwaddie, the butler respectively.

A capacity audience filled the auditorium both nights, and the senior class announces that the play was a financial success.

Bessie Klein '30

Macbeth

On Thursday, April 24th, an assembly was held in the auditorium with Cortland Tower, a representative of the Student Council, presiding. At this time Professor A. C. Losey presented a short sketch of Shakespeare's play, Macbeth.

Professor Losey stated that of Shakespeare's four greatest tragic characters, Hamlet, Othello, King Lear, and Macbeth, Macbeth has the blackest death of all. In fact the whole play deals with damnation of a great soul. In the opening scene the three witches seem to prophesy the events of the whole play, especially in saying "Fair is foul, and foul is fair." The meaning of these words is that the things we regard as fair—victory, success—jeopardize man's immortal soul, and that the things we regard as foul—defeat, loss—safeguard man's immortal soul. When we are first introduced to Macbeth, after his return from battle, he quotes almost the exact words of the witches. Macbeth's words are "so foul and fair a day, I have not seen" meaning that it was foul with respect to the weather, and fair concerning the outcome of the battle. If Macbeth had been defeated in this first battle, the whole tragedy would have collapsed. Prof. Losey continued by saying that the fabric of the tragedy is suspended from three pegs. The first peg hinges on the words of Macbeth, "If it were done when 'tis done then it were done quickly." Macbeth is at this time going over the plans for the murder of Duncan. Lady Macbeth pronounces the words forming the second peg of the fabric. They are, "What's done is done," meaning that things without a remedy should be forgotten. In her sleep-walking scene Lady Macbeth cries out, pronounces "What's done cannot be undone," and these words from the third peg.

At the close of his discourse Professor Losey told the students that it was not for advertisement, but through his own wishes that he spoke to them. In the evening he presented the entire play from memory at St. Stephen's Parish House.

Elizabeth White '31

Minutes of the Student's Council Meetings

April 16—A meeting of the Student's Council was held on Thursday, April 16, during the fourth period. The subject of traffic loitering at 12.30 was discussed.

Norman Dellart was appointed to put an article in the *Student's Pen* about a school song. There was a suggestion that items be put in the *Pen* by the Council members.

A motion was made that a teacher be appointed to attend every meeting of the Student's Council or the Council would disband. This motion was carried.

April 25—A meeting of the Student's Council was held in the auditorium on Friday, April 25, during the first period. There was some discussion concerning the regulation of seats. It was voted to have a notice put on the bulletin that students be given seats which suit their heights.

A motion was made and carried that both pupils and alumni be allowed to participate in the contest for the P. H. S. song. It was also voted that all entries must be in the hands of the committee on June 2, 1930, with the condition that if a satisfactory song has not been found by then, the time may be lengthened.

The following committee was appointed to take charge of the contest:

Jonathan England, Victor Wagner, William Holden, Henry Schachte, and Cortland Tower.

The matter of having a Student's Council for the Sophomore Class was brought up but was postponed because of lack of time.

May 9—During the last meeting of the Student's Council, which was held on May 9, fifth period, a discussion about the school song contest was held. Victor Wagner has resigned from the school song committee and Raymond Ano has taken his place.

There was also a discussion concerning pictures of the athletic teams which are to be hung in the library.

A motion was made and carried that a notice be put on the Bulletin inviting Sophomores to attend the next Student's Council meeting.

It was voted that the matter of the college student's honor list be brought to the attention of the Editor of the Alumni Notes in the *Student's Pen* and be dropped by the Student's Council.

Doris Bentley '30



'28 MILTON Kenyon, who is attending Amherst College, won second prize in the college competition in the Intercollegiate Current Events Contest sponsored by the *New York Times*." The prize consisted of an award of fifty dollars. A similar contest was held in each of twenty leading American Universities with an award of five hundred dollars to the intercollegiate winner as first prize. Much credit is due Kenyon for his showing in this contest as competition was very keen.

Howard Evans is employed in the Accounting Department of the General Electric Company.

Cora-lou Noonan is taking a course in home economics at Russell Sage School in Troy, New York.

Henry Simkin is a student at New York University. He is specializing in mathematics and chemistry.

Lazarus Frumkin is in his sophomore year at Union College in Schenectady, New York. He is taking a liberal arts course, specializing in French.

John Curtis, who is a member of the 1933 class of Bates College, is president of the Freshman Class. He is also active in dramatic and musical work.

Rosemary Gannon is a student at Smith College. She was recently elected to the staff of *The Smith College Weekly*.

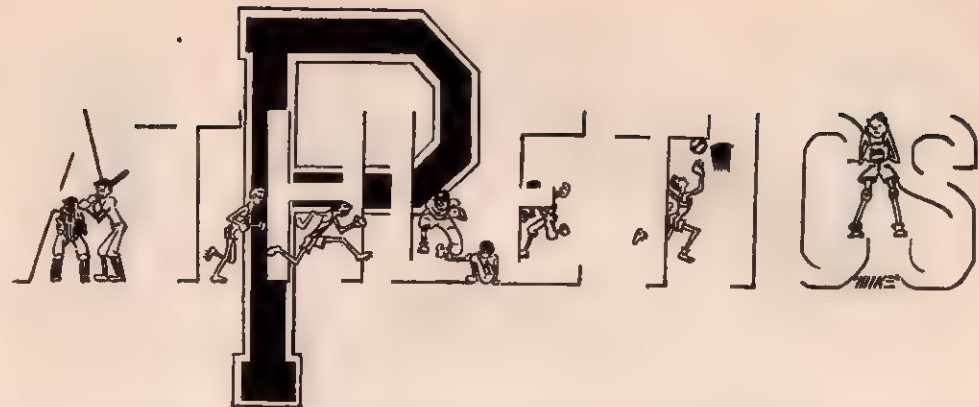
John Donna is attending Boston University. He is taking a Business Administration Course.

'29 PAUL R. Wetstein, Jr., who is attending Dartmouth College, has received such high marks that his name has been placed on the Dartmouth honor list. Paul was a pro-merito student at Pittsfield High and a member of the Torch Hi-y Club.

Ellen Noonan is a student at the Wheelock Kindergarten School in Boston.

Albert England, who is a student at Harvard University, has been awarded an honorary John Harvard Scholarship. Albert's name was on the "dean's list." At Pittsfield High he was salutatorian of the June Class.

Vera Victoreen, a former editor of *The Pen*, has been elected to the staff of *The Boston University News*. She was one of the two freshmen who were honored by having their poems included in a volume of verse recently published by the university.



Poughkeepsie 7—Pittsfield 2

Pittsfield High lost its first game of the baseball season to Poughkeepsie High on Saturday, May 3, in Poughkeepsie by the score of 7 to 2.

Coach Stewart's club started well and was in the lead for the first six innings but then the team became rattled and some of the veterans, as well as the new boys, erred, and soon Poughkeepsie had scored five runs which were more than enough for victory.

Jimmy Vaccaro started on the mound for Pittsfield and did exceptionally well, allowing but one hit in the six innings that he toiled. Fred Callo finished the game on the peak.

Jack Grubb, big southpaw, was the Poughkeepsie pitcher and he saw to it that the Pittsfield hits were few and far between. His lefthanded slants came over the plate fast and he had the P. H. S. hitters baffled. No Pittsfield man made more than one hit.

The line-up:

POUGHKEEPSIE						PITTSFIELD					
	ab	h	po	a	e		ab	h	po	a	e
Abram'y, c.	4	1	10	1	0	D'cel's, cf.	4	1	1	0	0
Peelor, 2b.	2	0	0	0	0	M'den, 3b.	3	0	0	0	1
Corlis, 2b.	2	1	1	2	0	Shelsy, rf.	4	0	0	0	0
Shire, ss.	3	0	2	3	0	Neissel, lf.	4	0	1	0	0
Grubb, p.	4	0	0	3	0	Curtin, ss.	4	1	0	3	1
Staud'n, 3b.	3	1	0	0	1	Nilan, 1b.	4	1	9	1	1
Win, rf.	2	2	0	0	0	C'rinet, ss.	3	1	3	1	2
McGe'ld, 1b.	2	0	4	0	1	Vomv's, c.	2	0	6	0	3
Cutten, 1b.	2	1	1	0	0	O'Gara, c.	0	0	1	0	0
Murphy, lf.	2	1	1	0	0	Lessar, c.	1	0	3	1	0
M'L'n'r, cf.	3	0	3	0	0	Vacc'o, p.	2	1	1	3	0
						Callo, p.	1	0	0	2	0
	31	6	27	9	2		32	5	24	10	9

Runs, Abramsky 2, Corliss, Shiro, Grubb, Stauderman. Win, Curtin, Vomvilas. Three base hit, Abramsky. Struck out, by Grubb 1, by Vaccaro 6, by Callo 3. Bases on balls, off Grub 2, off Vaccaro 1. Hit by pitcher, Stauderman. Stolen base, Madden. Double play, Shiro, Corliss and McLaughlin. Umpire, Joseph Gunn.

G. E. Apprentices 8—Pittsfield High 7

The baseball team lost its second game of the campaign by the scant margin of one run to the G. E. Apprentices on Wednesday, May 7.

The G. E. boys won out in the ninth inning when they had two men on bases. One man scored on a wild pitch and the other came in on a sacrifice fly to the outfield.

The game was well played and Pittsfield showed much improvement over its first game. Bill Hanford was used behind the bat and did very well in his first start. His hitting was also first rate. Fred Callo, Stanley and Jimmy Vaccaro divided the pitching assignment.

Pittsfield made a four-run rally in the sixth inning. The filled the bases on two walks and a hit, and Curtin singled to centerfield. The ball rolled through the centerfielder and Tom completed the circuit.

Pierce did the pitching for the Apprentices and limited the Pittsfield batters to but five scattered hits.

The summary:

G. E. APPRENTICES						PITTSFIELD HIGH					
	ab	h	po	a	e		ab	h	po	a	e
Kerr, 1b.	5	1	13	0	0	D'ce's, cf.	2	0	3	0	0
Mendel, 3b.	5	2	2	0	2	Curtin, ss.	5	1	3	2	0
Lannon, 1b.	3	2	2	0	0	O'Gara, 2b.	3	0	3	1	0
Osley, c.	4	1	5	0	1	Corr'et, 3b.	0	0	1	0	0
Brown, rf.	3	0	2	0	0	Mad'en, 3b.	5	1	1	0	0
O'Neil, ss.	3	2	1	3	0	Neisel, 1b.	5	0	4	0	0
Lennon, 2b.	3	2	0	6	0	Shelsy, rf.	2	0	0	0	0
Williams, cf.	3	0	1	0	3	V'aro, rf, p.	2	0	1	0	0
Pierce, p.	4	1	1	2	0	Nilan, 1b.	4	1	7	0	0
						H'ford, c.	4	2	3	1	2
						Callo, p.	2	0	0	2	0
						Stanley, p.	1	0	0	2	0
						*Haylon.	1	0	0	0	0
	34	11	27	11	6		36	5	25	8	2

*Batted for Callo in seventh.

One out when winning run scored.

PITTSFIELD.	0	0	0	1	1	0	4	0	1—7
G. E. APPRENTICES	0	2	1	1	2	0	0	0	2—8

Runs, Kerr 2, Mendel, Lannon, Brown, O'Neil 2, Lennon, Decelles 2, Curtin 2, Nilan 2, Hanford. Three base hit, O'Neil. Stolen bases, Decelles, Curtin, Nilan 2, Kerr, Mendel. Sacrifices, Williams, Brown. Base on balls, off Callo 3, off Pierce 5, off Stanley 1. Struck out, by Callo 1, by Stanley 1, by Pierce 4. Hits, off Callo, 8 in 6 innings, off Stanley 3 in 2 1-2 innings, off Vaccaro 0 in 1-3 inning. Wild pitch, Vaccaro. Passed ball, Hanford. Losing pitcher, Stanley. Umpire, Tokyo. Time, 2 hr. 18 min.

Pittsfield High 18—Williamstown 5

Coach Stewart's boys won their first league game of the season by a one-sided score 18 to 5 over Williamstown in Williamstown Saturday, May 10.

Two home runs, two triples and two doubles were a large factor in Pittsfield's victory. Captain Earl Neissel was credited with one of the home runs and one of the triples, both of which were hard hit balls to deep right field. Tommy Curtin hit the other home run, a long blow to right centerfield. Johnny Madden came through with a brace of two-base hits. "Peanut" Decelles got a pass, two singles and a triple for his part of the swatfest.

While Pittsfield was doing such good work with the bat Fred Callo had the situation well in hand and fanned ten Williamstown hitters.

P. H. S. scored at least two runs in every inning except the sixth and eighth.

The summary:

PITTSFIELD HIGH						WILLIAMSTOWN HIGH					
	ab	h	po	a	e		ab	h	po	a	e
Decelles, cf.....	5	3	3	0	0	J. C'han, 2b.....	3	0	5	2	3
Curtin, ss.....	6	2	0	2	1	Kately, 3b.....	4	0	2	1	1
Menin, 3b.....	4	1	1	1	2	Breed, 1b, c.....	4	1	5	0	1
Corrinet, 2b.....	0	0	3	0	0	Quinn, p, cf.....	5	1	1	2	0
Madden, 2b.....	5	2	2	0	0	Burke, c, p.....	3	0	6	3	0
Nilan, 1b.....	5	2	5	0	0	Miller, 1b.....	5	0	1	0	0
Neissel, 1b.....	5	2	1	0	0	Callahan, rf.....	4	1	0	0	0
Shelsy, rf.....	3	1	0	0	0	Osterhout, ss.....	4	3	2	2	2
Vaccaro, rf.....	0	0	0	0	0	Hart, cf, 1b.....	2	0	5	0	0
Hanford, c.....	4	1	11	0	0						
H'kley, c.....	0	0	1	0	0						
Callo, p.....	5	1	0	4	0						
Hickey, p.....	0	0	0	0	0						
*Engle, 1b.....	1	0	0	0	0						
†O'Gara.....	1	0	0	0	0						
	44	15	27	7	3		33	6	27	10	7

PITTSFIELD.....2 2 4 3 2 0 2 0 2—18

WILLIAMSTOWN.....1 0 0 2 0 2 0 0 0—5

*Batted for Nilan in 9th.

†Batted for Shelsey in 9th.

Runs. Decelles 3, Madden 3, Neissel 3, Shelsey 2, Hanford 2, Curtin 2, Menin, Corrinet, Nilan, Breed, Quinn, Burke, Callahan, Osterhout. Two base hits. Breed, Quinn, Madden 2. Three base hits, Neissil, Decelles. Home runs, Osterhout, Curtin, Neissil. Stolen bases, Decelles 3, Curtin, Menin, Madden, Nilan, Shelsy, Hanford. Double plays, Osterhout to J. Callahan to Breed. Left on bases, Williamstown 10, Pittsfield 7. Base on balls, off Callo 3, off Hickey 2, off Quinn 3. Struck out, by Callo 10, by Hickey 1, by Quinn 4. Hits, off Callo 6 in 8 innings, off Hickey 0 in 1 inning, off Quinn, 11 in 5 innings, off Burke 4 in 4 innings. Wild pitch, Quinn. Passed ball, Burke. Winning pitcher, Callo. Losing pitcher, Quinn. Umpire, Clem Jones. Time, 2 hrs, 34 min.

Drury High 7—Pittsfield High 6

Pittsfield High lost another game, this time to Drury High in North Adams, on May 14. It was an exhibition game.

A long home run to centerfield by Eddie Daly, clever pitcher-hitter of the Drury outfit, in the eighth inning of a scheduled seven inning game was the cause of Pittsfield's downfall. This was Daly's second hit of the contest and he was the first man up in the inning.

Coach Stewart's boys tallied four times in the seventh inning for apparent victory, but Drury rallied back and tied the score. In this big inning Shelsy was given a base on balls but went out stealing. Hanford and Callo singled and Decelles reached first on an error. Tom Curtin then hit a hard single to center field and two runs were scored. Menin went out, but Jack Madden brought two more runs in with a single.

The one bright spot in Pittsfield's defeat was the hitting of Jack Madden.

The summary:

DRURY						PITTSFIELD					
	ab	h	po	a	e		ab	h	po	a	e
Kennedy, rf.....	3	0	0	0	0	Decelles, cf.....	4	0	0	0	0
Soolo'an, c.....	3	1	8	3	0	Curtin, ss.....	4	2	0	4	1
Krauss, 1b.....	3	0	3	0	1	Menin, 2b.....	4	1	1	0	0
Hamelin, 3b.....	3	0	2	1	0	Madden, 2b.....	4	2	2	0	0
Daly, 1b, p.....	4	2	2	2	1	Nilan, 1b.....	4	1	6	0	0
Evans, cf.....	3	2	2	0	0	Neissel, 1b.....	4	1	1	0	0
Luscia, ss.....	3	0	3	0	3	Shelsy, rf.....	3	2	0	0	0
McConnell, 2b.....	3	1	3	0	0	H'ford, c.....	4	1	10	1	0
Dufresne, p.....	2	0	0	0	0	Callo, p.....	4	1	1	1	1
Fessenden, p.....	1	0	1	0	0						
Wesley, 1b.....	1	1	0	0	0						
	29	7	24	6	5		35	11	21	6	2

DRURY.....0 2 0 0 0 0 4 1—7

PITTSFIELD.....2 0 0 0 0 0 4 0—6

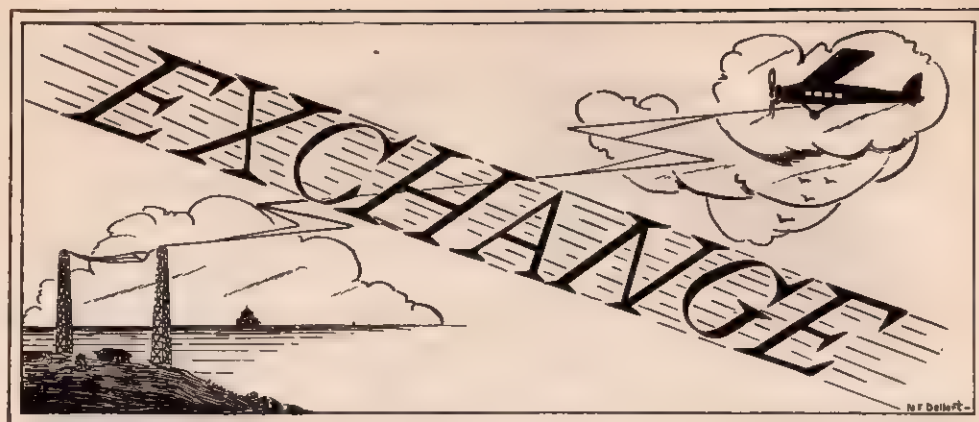
Runs, Hammelin, Daly 3, Evans, McConnell, Walmsky, Decelles 2, Madden, Shelsy, Hanford, Callo. Two base hit, McConnell. Three base hits, Madden 2. Home run, Daly. Sacrifice hits, McConnell. Struck out, by Daly 2, by Callo 9. Umpire, Allen.

Pittsfield 27—St. Joseph N. A. 0

Eddie Hickey, sophomore hurler, pitching his first complete game for Pittsfield High, did not allow a base hit or a run against St. Joseph High of North Adams in North Adams on Saturday May 17.

Pittsfield garnered 27 runs in the seven inning tilt. They secured 20 hits which included four home runs. Joe Nilan, Lloyd Engle, Tom Curtin, and Hickey were the home run hitters.

Coach Stewart used many substitutes in the latter part of the contest and they showed up very well.



As We See Others

The Red Pen, Reading, Pa.:

"Un petit journal" but a very good one. All your stories were good but our favorites were: "Minus Seventy-Five," "Skiing" and "Gene." You only had two *real* poems in your poetry department and a great number of "jingles." Why not have a department full of *real* poetry? We also suggest that you comment on the magazines you receive instead of simply listing them.

The Sutherland, Proctor, Vt.:

Your cover was unique. But where, oh where is your poetry department? "Perfection Goes Home" was good, but short stories would certainly make your magazine more complete. We enjoyed the Joke Department and your Athletic Notes was well written up. "Talking It Over" was an interesting way of writing up your notes.

The Kalends, Delhi, N. Y.:

Your stories are excellent. We couldn't decide which one we liked the best. "Luck," "Lochinnam Bobby," "The Stalker" and "Partners" were all splendid. Your editorials certainly ought to be helpful to all your students for they were very good. Your school notes and Athletics were interesting departments. The jokes also deserve honorable mention. In fact, you have a magazine to be proud of.

The Jabberwock, Boston, Mass.:

Your cover is very attractive. We enjoyed your editorial on Spring. It was very interesting. Taken as a whole your magazine is extremely well written. We liked especially the poem, "To Someone," and found "The Cat with a Pink Tail" most absorbing. What about a few more cuts?

Enfield Echo, Thompsonville, Conn.:

Your short stories are very well written and we enjoyed them very much. "The Solid Gold Fish" by Virginia Jondreau '30 was the best. The School Notes cut was very attractive. Athletics was very well written but the appearance would be improved if the material was not crowded on the same page with The School Notes. A more extensive Exchange Department would improve your magazine a great deal. Your jokes were really humorous.

Maroon and White, Brooklyn, N. Y.:

We always welcome your magazine because it is invariably so well written. "The Stoic" by Janet Elizabeth Thorn was an interesting story. "Ivanhoe Plays The Game" gave us some good laughs. The interview of Jack Donahue by Florence Steffens was especially interesting and something new. Most interviews are usually dry but this one held the attention of the reader very well. "Twin Fools" was interesting—in fact all your stories are worthy of praise. "Song Hits" were appropriate and humorous. Come again!

Murdock Murmurs, Winchendon, Mass.:

What an attractive cover! Congratulations on your new song; it is very good. What an excellent collection of short stories. All were so good it was hard to select the best, but we've tried: "Show-Folk," "The Test," "Tricked." The poems were good and "Ancient History" especially pleased us. "Athletics," "Alumni," and "School Notes" were very complete departments, but the Exchange Department ought certainly to be enlarged and rearranged.

The Aegis, Beverly High School, Beverly, Mass.:

First of all, we think you should be congratulated on your attractive cover for the April issue. The little cut at the head of each page looks well, too, but your other cuts are not particularly good. The literature is up to your usual standard. The article on "Amberland" is very well arranged. We were kept guessing as to the name of the land during the greater part of the composition, and discovered at the end that it was Latvia.

We consider the article on "Comic Cartoons" quite good, also. Our main adverse criticism is one which, we notice from the "As Others See Us" part of your Exchange section, other magazines besides ourselves have made—the scattering of advertising matter through the main part of your publication detracts greatly from its appearance.

Lawrence High School Bulletin, Lawrence, Mass.:

We were pleased to receive a copy of *The Bulletin* and enjoyed reading it. The editorials show clear thought. Some of your "Gossip" is really humorous, and your stories are for the most part interesting. "The Silent Man" has plenty of action. May we suggest a little brighter cover as such a drab cover is likely to create an unfavorable first impression? And where is your Exchange Department?

We acknowledge the following exchanges:

The Orange Leaf, Orange, N. J.

The St. Joseph's Prep Chronicle, Philadelphia, Penn.

The Hi-News, Ludlow, Mass.

The High School Herald, Westfield, Mass.

The Critic, Lynchburg, Va.

The Ferncliff Echo, Lee, Mass.

Green and Gold Leaf, Stockbridge, Mass.

The Taconic, Williamstown, Mass.

The Brocktonia, Brockton, Mass.

The English High School Record, Boston, Mass.



Hanford: "They tell me Tom's father is engaged in a shady business."

Nilan: "Yeh, he deals in awnings."

* * * *

Collins (arrested for speeding): "But, Officer, I'm George Collins."

Officer (haughtily): "Ignorance doesn't excuse anybody."

Scene: (Athlete buying a sweater.)

Salesman: "Crew neck, sir?"

Athlete: "No, not while we are in training."

* * * *

Mrs. Bennett: "What is Francis Scott Key's greatest distinction?"

Joyce: "He knew all four stanzas of the "Star Spangled Banner."

* * * *

"Just the old skin game," remarked the furrier as he sold a dog for a silver fox.

Miss Morse: "What makes you think that he's an oceanographer?"

Tobey: "Why the book said that he spent two years studying the Russian serf."

* * * *

Warden: "We let prisoners work at their own trades here, the same as outside—blacksmith, carpenter, or whatever it may be. What is your trade?"

Prisoner (after some quick thinking): "Oh, I'm a traveling salesman."

* * * *

Miss Pfeiffer: "What did Orpheus play?"

Millet: "A harp."

Miss Pfeiffer (correcting): "Lyre."

* * * *

Editor: "But these jokes aren't funny."

England: "I know that, but I've just been reading over some back copies of your magazine and I thought that you might think they were."

* * * *

Calderwood: "Oh, I just hit my crazy bone!"

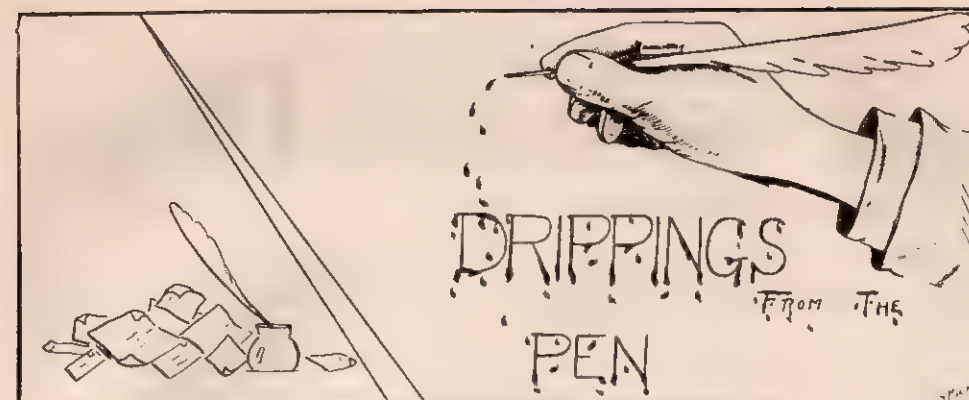
Miss Waite: "You poor boy. You must hurt all over."

* * * *

"What's this, a game?" roared Silvernail as he received his ninth checker set on his birthday.

* * * *

And did you hear about the two Scotch fellows who handed in their basketball suits because they couldn't shoot all the free throws?



"—of shoes-and ships-and sealing-wax—of cabbages-and kings—"

By R. G. N.

You remember the piece you recited in the fourth grade about "Wake and call me early, call me early, Mother dear," etc., and running on thus for several stanzas until the startling announcement, "For I'm to be queen of the May, Mother, for I'm to be queen of the May," was suddenly sprung upon the astonished hearer. Of course, it doesn't really matter if you do not happen to recall this selection. We just mention it to put you into the proper spirit of the season, when youths and maidens gay cavort blithely about the brightly bedecked Maypole on the village green, and so forth. Maybe we shouldn't have brought it up in the first place.

* * * *

Speaking of the village green leads one's thoughts to our own famous common. No, patient reader, the common is not being paved to make the 1930 football games more interesting. Neither are the Sophomores planning to grow corn there to raise money to pay for the new high school. To tell the truth, we don't exactly know what all those steam shovels, excavating machines, and other implements of torture have been doing out there all this time, but we mean to inquire just as soon as we possibly can get around to it. In any case, there is no doubt that for sheer syncopated cacophony steam shovels beat riveting machines and paving drills all hollow. You may confirm the truth of this assertion by asking the members of the room 16 Latin classes, if you won't take our word for it.

* * * *

We have received the following bit of poesy from a constant reader, and herewith present to an anxious world

"Reflections on Graduation"

by Carlton White

"When the skunks get halitosis, when the 'possum falls asleep,
When the chipmunks blow their noses, when the bear lets out a cheep,
When the trout eat up the salmon, when the robins leave the state,
When the muskrats die of famine, That's When I'll Graduate."

(When Friend White asked us what we would give him for his poem, we told him: "A head-start from here to the door." Any other offers, however, will be considered. The poem is not copyrighted, and may be reprinted at regular rates in the *Satevepost*, *The Ladies' Home Journal*, *Literary Digest*, *College Humor*, *Judge*, or the *Goatbreeders Monthly*.)

* * * *

Our obliging correspondent also claims to have heard the ensuing conversation on North Street on May 12, 1930, at 4.57 P. M., in front of the pop-corn stand. He has no witnesses, but then, neither has Columbus, and yet we believe he discovered America. Little Boy: "Oh, Pa! There goes the Editor of the *Student's Pen*." "Hush, hush," said the father, "don't make sport of the poor man. Heaven only knows what you may come to yourself, some day."

* * * *

Concerning the Senior Play

Pick Wagner is so fond of his trumpet that he didn't want to leave it at home the nights of the play, and that is why a special part for the instrument was written into "Clarence."

Those of the audience who thought that the actors in tuxedos were playing the roles of waiters clearly displayed their lamentable ignorance of the *haut monde*, also of *hoi polloi* and the *bourgeoisie*, not to mention the *subpoena* and the *corpus dilecti*.

The following bit of repartee, which aroused the risibilities of James Henry Wingate Hixon Lee-Straton Baker, who was among those present in the audience, is appended to show how clever these high school lads really are when they get started.

Long thin student: "What period furniture is that wicker couch on the stage?"

Short stout student: "Well, it isn't exactly a period; I'd say it was more of a question mark."

(Slick as paint, the lads be!)

* * * *

Uncle Wiltsie was without doubt one of the main attractions of the show. His delineation of Lord Chesterfield entering a drawing-room was probably without parallel in the annals of the American stage.

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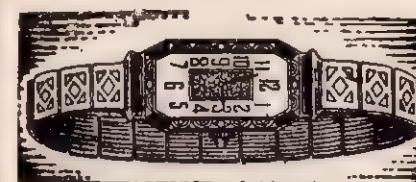


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The Student's Pen

May 1930